

THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

"THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHOWERED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR."—JACKSON.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

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THE ART OF FLYING—A WONDERFUL FEAT.

A French journal has a letter from Madrid giving an account of a successful experiment with a new apparatus for flying. The flyer was a Miss Juanita Perez, who though rather fat and corpulent, moved through the air, by the help of wings, with great ease and rapidity. She was advertised to fly a distance of above 1,200 feet, rising above 600, but exceeded the programme both in height and distance. No description of the structure of the wings is given. They have a spread of some fifteen feet, are fastened by ligaments of great flexibility, and arranged so as to move with great rapidity; they make a noise like a wind-mill. The astonishment at Madrid at so novel a phenomena is described as immense, and no wonder: just to think of a corpulent damsel flying through the air and making a noise like a wind-mill. The same paper announces that Mr. Thomas Darville, at Paris, has invented a complete apparatus for flying, and that he proposes to exhibit it at the Champ de Mars in the course of the present month, when he will fly from Military School to Chailiot. He will be accompanied by his two sons, one of twenty-two and the other of seventeen years. The preparation of three sets of wings has delayed the exhibition until now. The inventor has tried his apparatus privately with complete success having flown across the Seine with it at 1 o'clock in the morning. His wings have a spread of 15 feet, and by their help the flyer can move up and down in the air with all the facility of a swallow, skimming along near the ground or mounting upright to the sky at his pleasure.

A balloon is now in the course of construction near New-York city: it will perhaps make an excursion some day shortly. We hear that it is to be propelled by 2 small steam engines. It will take the wind out of the Spanish and French high flyers. These are the days of high vaulting.

Glass was the result of accident, in making a fire of sea-weed on sand, the soda in the one combining with the latter and glass was formed.

In the Hartford (Conn.) procession on the 4th of July there were thirty-one young ladies in the Bloomer costume, to represent the several States of the Union.

The importation of negroes into the Island of Cuba from Africa is continually increasing. For 14 months past, the number introduced into the Island is about 11,500.



POETRY.

BE LIKE A TURK IN DRESS.

BY A LIVE YANKEE.

Go it, ladies, hoist the breeches,
Don the costume, a la Turk;
Bring it early forth and teach us
How the heathen fashions work.

Go it, ladies—now's the weather;
Don't you think it is so too?
Introduce it! altogether!
Falter not because you're few.

Introduce the Turkish habits,
For one will help you through;
'Cause I hate to look of Sabbath
On a piece of silk, though new.

Give me pantaloons, though flowing,
Far, they are before the sack;
Which we see all ladies go in—
Looking like a barley stack.

Away with "draggle tails" and "flounc-
ees";
Away with cotton, mers and bran;
Away—but hark, my lay announces—
"Go it ladies, while you can."

The other night while out a walking
With a lady young and fair;
Twice had she, while to me talking,
Heard her dress, with anguish, tear.

Twice it caught, and twice was given;
Twice her patience bore the shock;
Twice she humbly called on heaven
For a tidy Turkish frock.

Communication.

For the Pilot.

ON THE MIND.

MR. EDITOR:—

Mankind possess the power of thinking, of learning, of reasoning, of remembering, and knowing. This is what we call the mind. How astonishing the powers of the human mind. Following the meandering stream of life, it runs back in a moment to childhood's scenes. Following the track of the historian, it runs back to the earliest dawn of creation and grasps the history of the world. Striking Euclid in his mathematical demonstrations; Homer in his poetical performances; Humboldt in his travels; Newton in his astronomical discoveries; Davy in his chemical researches; other writers in the pleasing field of botanical science. Taking another flight, it contemplates the existence of a Supreme Being; it sees His power and glory as manifested in the works of creation; it looks forward beyond the grave and lays hold on immortality.

Beautiful and majestic are the works of inanimate creation. But compare all that we see around us—all that the vegetable and mineral kingdoms contain—all those worlds in the universe; which though huge in bulk, roll on in their orbits without thought, or knowledge, or enjoyment—compare all these with that part of our being which can reflect on God's goodness; which can speak of God's goodness; which can investigate His mighty works; which can glow with gratitude to the Giver of all blessings; which can feel for the welfare of mankind; which can alleviate human misery; which can diffuse a benign influence in its career through life; which is destined to exist forever; and which through grace may enjoy an immortality of bliss—how quickly will the latter preponderate in point of value. Were all those worlds which the Universe contains a solid mass of gold they would fall infinitely short in value of that thinking, reasoning part of our nature which will never cease to be.

A few thoughts here present themselves.

1st. The mind may be vastly improved as observation and perhaps self-experience will show.

2d. That difference which prevails among mankind in point of intellectual powers, arises in some degree from the natural powers of the mind; but more perhaps from the improvement of those powers.

3d. The more our minds are improved, the more delight we will find in intellectual pursuits; the more beauty and wisdom we will see in God's works, and

the wider will be our sphere of usefulness in the world.

As the mind is inconceivably valuable, its improvement next to the fear of God, should be our highest consideration. How many fail deplorably in this respect. They care more for dress, more for trifling amusements and trifling conversation, than they do for that priceless gem which will exist while immortality endures. Oh, that our youth would universally turn their attention to those pursuits which are calculated to improve and adorn the mind. Then would they become ornaments to society and blessings to the world.

AN INDIANIAN.

July 29, 1851.

P. S.—I was glad to see the remarks of my friend "X," on Education. With his views I heartily concur. I hope that he will continue to write on the same subject. Success to his efforts. A Young Men's Library Association is an object I think which strongly commends itself to the friends of Education. Tho' I am not a resident of Plymouth; still I feel like throwing my influence, small as it may be, in favor of the measure proposed. As the editor has observed too much pains cannot be taken in the selection of suitable books. Will not others write on this subject. Let us have a general expression of views.

AN INDIANIAN.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

The last number of Silliman's Journal contains an interesting account of the Mammoth Cave, in a letter addressed to Prof. Guyot by Prof. Silliman, Jr. who has recently made an exploration of its mysteries; and also, in connection of the animals found there. One atmospheric phenomenon attracted the attention of these gentlemen, and taxed their ingenuity for a satisfactory explanation, viz:—The blast of cool air blowing outward from the mouth of the cave, which rendered it nearly impossible to enter with a lighted lamp. If the external air has a temperature of 90° Fahr., the blast amounts to a gale; but if the air without has a temperature of 59°—60°, no current is observed and the flame of a lamp held in a favorable position, indicates none. It immediately occurred to me (said Prof. Silliman) that there must be two currents, one above of warmer air, passing inward, and one below of colder air passing outward, and the reverse; but experiment soon satisfied me that this was not the case. Only one current could be discovered, and on inquiry of our intelligent guide, I had found that this phenomenon had attracted his attention, and that he was satisfied from many observations that only one current existed, and that this flared out when the external air was above 60° and inward when this was below 60°.

The phenomena is accounted for by Prof. Silliman on scientific principles, as follows. The mouth of the cave is the only communication between the external air and the vast labyrinth of galleries and avenues which stretch away for many miles in the solid limestone. The air in these underground excavations is pure and exhilarating, which may in part be accounted for by the nitre beds of incredible extent, as the nitrogen which is consumed in the formation of the nitrate of lime must have its proportion of free oxygen disengaged, thus enriching this subterranean atmosphere with a larger portion of the exhilarating principle. The temperature of the cave is uniformly 59°, summer and winter and this is probably very near to the annual mean of the external air. The expansion which accompanies an elevation of temperature in the outer air is immediately felt by the denser air of the cave and it flows out in the obedience to the law of motion in fluids, and the outward current continues without interruption as long as the outer air has a higher temperature than the cave.

The phenomena of life within the cave are comparatively few but interesting. There are several insects, the largest of which is a sort of cricket, with enormously long antennae. There are several species of Coleoptera, mostly burrowing in the nitre earth. There are some small species of water insects, supposed to be crustaceans. Of fish, there are two species, one of which, as is well known, is entirely eyeless; the other has external eyes, but is quite blind. The only mammal, except the bats, is a rat, which is very abundant. Prof. Silliman is of opinion that the excavations of the Mammoth Cave have been formed by water, and by no other cause.

I introduce a bill for the destruction of worms, as the Wood-pecker said in a late stump speech.

THE RIVAL DOCTORS.

[The following amusing picture or an interview between Dr. Morgan, a Welsh homoeopathic and Dr. Dosewell, an English "regular" physician, is from a late chapter of Bulwer's "Varieties of English Life," now publishing in Fraser's London Magazine. Dr. Dosewell is under the impression at first that Dr. Morgan is one of his own medical schools.]

At seven o'clock Dr. Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homoeopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homoeopathist; "I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr. Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homoeopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bed-side and put his question, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her color rose, and her eye sparkled when he got up cheerfully, and said in a pleasant voice.

"You may have a little tea."
"Tea!" growled the homoeopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."
The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr. Dosewell smiling pleasantly, and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr. Morgan, drily.

Dr. Dosewell, (courteously).—We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture, perhaps, the experiment of bleeding?

Dr. Morgan, (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement). "Plead! Codd in heaven! do you think I a butcher—an executioner? Plead! Never!"

Dr. Dosewell.—"I don't find it answer myself, when both lungs are gone! But perhaps you are for inhaling."

Dr. Morgan.—"Fiddledee!"
Dr. Dosewell.—(with some displeasure).—What would you advise, then, in order to prolong our patient's life for a month?

Dr. Dosewell.—"Rhus, sir! Rhus! I don't know that medicine. Rhus!"
Dr. Morgan.—"Rhus toxicodendron."

The length of the last word excited Dr. Dosewell's respect. A word of five syllables—this was something like! He bowed deferentially, but still looked puzzled.

At last he said, smiling frankly, "You great London practitioners have so many new medicines; may I ask what Rhus toxicodendron—toxico—"

"Dendron."
"Is?"
"The juice of the Upas—vulgarly called the Poison-Tree."

Dr. Dosewell started.
"Upas—poison-tree—little birds that come under the shade fall down dead! You give upas juice in hemoptysis—what's the dose?"

Dr. Morgan grinned maliciously, and produced a globe the size of a small pin's head.

Dr. Dosewell recoiled in disgust.
"Oh!" said he, very coldly, and assuming at once an air of superb superiority, "I see—a homoeopathist, sir!"

"A homoeopathist!"
"Um!"
"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr. Morgan," said Dr. Dosewell, recovering his cheerful smile, but with a curl of contempt in it, "and would soon do for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The druggists soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"
"Sir!"

Dr. Dosewell, (with dignity).—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr. Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added, with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma and am but Doctor by courtesy."

Dr. Morgan.—"All one, sir! Doctor signs the death warrant—'pothecary does the deed!"

Dr. Dosewell.—(with a withering sneer).—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas tree."

Dr. Morgan, (complacently).—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us.—That's just the difference between you and me, Dr."

Dr. Dosewell, (pointing to the homoeopathist's travelling pharmacopoeia, and with affected candor).—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good, you can do no harm, with your infinite-simils."

Dr. Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you, if I chose it; but I don't choose."

Dr. Dosewell, (shrugging up his shoulders).—"Sir! 'tis no use arguing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—a complete—"

Dr. Morgan.—"A complete what?"

Dr. Dosewell, provoked to the utmost).—"Humbug!"

Dr. Morgan.—"Humbug! Codd in Heaven! You old—"

Dr. Dosewell.—"Old what, sir?"

Dr. Morgan, (at home in a series of alliterative vowels, which none but a Cymrian could have uttered without gasping).—"Old allopathical anthropophagite!"

Dr. Dosewell, (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sat, and bringing it down violently on its four legs).—"Sir!"

Dr. Morgan, (imitating the action with his own chair).—"Sir!"
Dr. Dosewell.—"You're abusive."
Dr. Morgan.—"You're impertinent."
Dr. Dosewell.—"Sir!"
Dr. Morgan.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other. They were both athletic men, and fiery men. Dr. Dosewell was the taller, but Dr. Morgan was the stouter. Dr. Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr. Morgan on both sides was Welsh.

All things considered, I would have backed Dr. Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honor of science, here the chambermaid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr. Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr. Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot I apologize."

"Dr. Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgive myself. Your hand, sir!"

Dr. M.—"We are both devoted to humanity, though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

Dr. D.—"Where look for liberty, if men of science are liberal to their brethren?"

Dr. M., (aside). "The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

Dr. D., (aside). "The wretched charlatan! I should like to pound him in a mortar."

Dr. M. "Good-bye, my esteemed and worthy brother."

Dr. D. "My excellent friend, good-bye."
Dr. M. (returning in haste). "I forgot, I don't think our poor patient is very rich. I confide him to your disinterested benevolence." (hurries away.)

Dr. D., (in a rage). "Seven miles at six o'clock in the morning, and perhaps done out of my fee! Quack! Villain!"

A Leper.—The following account of a leper, from the pen of Mr. Couther, a late traveler in the East, will afford our readers a pretty correct notion of the appearance of the sufferers by that strange disease.

"One evening, while strolling along the seashore, I saw such an extraordinary object before me, that I could not take my eyes off of it. It was a man, whose clothing, like that of all the lower orders of India, was a piece of cloth wrapped around the body, from the waist downward. His skin was perfectly white, and seemed glazing, as seared with a hot iron. His head was uncovered, and his hair, which was precisely the same color as the skin, hung known in long trips upon his lean and withered shoulders. His eyes, with the exception of the balls, were a dull, murky red, and kept them fixed on the ground, as if it were painful for them to look up, which I found to be the case. He walked slowly and feebly, and he was so frightfully thin that he seemed to stand before me a living skeleton. I moved towards him, but he walked farther from me, beseeching me to give the smallest trifle to a miserable old man an outcast from his friends. He told me not to come near to a polluted creature, for whom no one felt pity. He told me he had, during many years, suffered dreadfully from the leprosy, and though he was now cured, the corpse-like whiteness of his skin gave unmistakable evidence that he had once been a leper."

The Difference.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But, when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society and is henceforth driven from the way of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows that there is no peace for her this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown in Heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.—*Tenn. (Temperance) Or.*

PEON SLAVERY.—It is not generally known that this species of slavery now exists in New Mexico, under the sanction of law. It is the worst possible form of slavery; for it enslaves the white—the free man who chances to be poor. Misfortune may reduce the independent and wealthy citizens, and their children, to the servile chains of peonage. A man is sold for debt. A certain sum is allowed as wages, and every thing he eats or wears or his family obtains, through him, is charged to his account, which is a lien on his labor during his life, and on his children after his death. In this way hundreds are born slaves and remain in slavery all their lives, or until they become old and useless. Their allowance is so small, that instead of reducing their indebtedness, it is constantly increasing. If a Peon has a wife, the death of a child would create a debt for its funeral, that would reduce the father and mother to hopeless bondage. When they become old and decrepit, the owner discharges them and leaves them to beg or starve. To them the day of jubilee is a day of mourning. We hope that some speedy means may be adopted gradually to remove this evil. Governor Calhoun, in his message to the Legislature, makes the following recommendation:—*S. Sen.*

"The relations between masters and peons should be distinctly defined, and each should understand their respective obligations, and appropriate remedies for a violation of them, upon the part of either, should be provided."

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

Seek first of all things, a position of pecuniary independence; learn to live by the labor of your hands, the sweat of your face, as a necessary step toward the career you contemplate. If you can but earn three shillings a day by rugged yet moderate toil, learn to live contentedly on two shillings, and so preserve your mental faculties fresh and unwarmed, to read, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length, when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truths will have utterance, begin to write sparingly and tersely for the nearest periodical no matter how humble and obscure; if the thoughts are in you, it will find its way to those who need it. Seek not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you; then accept it if an object, and not involving too great sacrifices of independence and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of literary character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is, or imagines himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment, and for the largest price, I cannot hope that the public will be induced to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher.

A New Remedy in Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum and Cholera Morbus.—The following good receipt is from Lawrence Reid, Professor of Chemistry in the New-York Hospital.—"I would wish, through the medium of your paper, to give publicity to the fact, that I have seen instant relief given in cases of Diarrhea, by the use of hydro sulphuric acid, a teaspoonful of a saturated solution being mixed with four times its bulk of water. Also in a case of cholera infantum, in which the child was very much reduced, and the stomach in an extreme state of irritability, so that nothing would be retained, this remedy was administered with ease, and the child immediately improved, and has since recovered. I believe that this is a new remedy, and that there is no reason to apprehend any bad effects where it does not produce a cure, and I believe that it has some specific effect in counteracting the cause, and immediately arresting the diseases."

NO MARRYING ALLOWED IN IOWA FOR 30 DAYS.—We are informed that under the new code which went into effect on the 1st inst. marriage licenses can be issued only by the county judge—and that during the time which will elapse from the taking effect of the law and the election of a judge—a month off yet—no provision whatever has been made authorizing the clerk of the district court, as heretofore, to make out the necessary "documents." This is a joke "as is a joke," and one which will probably be felt as a pretty serious one in some quarters. If, however, parties cannot wait, and prefer to have the law on their side, they have the opportunity of crossing over into the States of Missouri, Illinois or Wisconsin, against which privilege, we believe, the new code, in the haste of preparation, neglected to provide.—*Burlington Telegraph.*

The love of nature is a help to holiness. Revive in those who have wrought folly the remembrance of sounds and scenes in which they delighted with innocent delight, and you show them that they have been with God, and God with them.